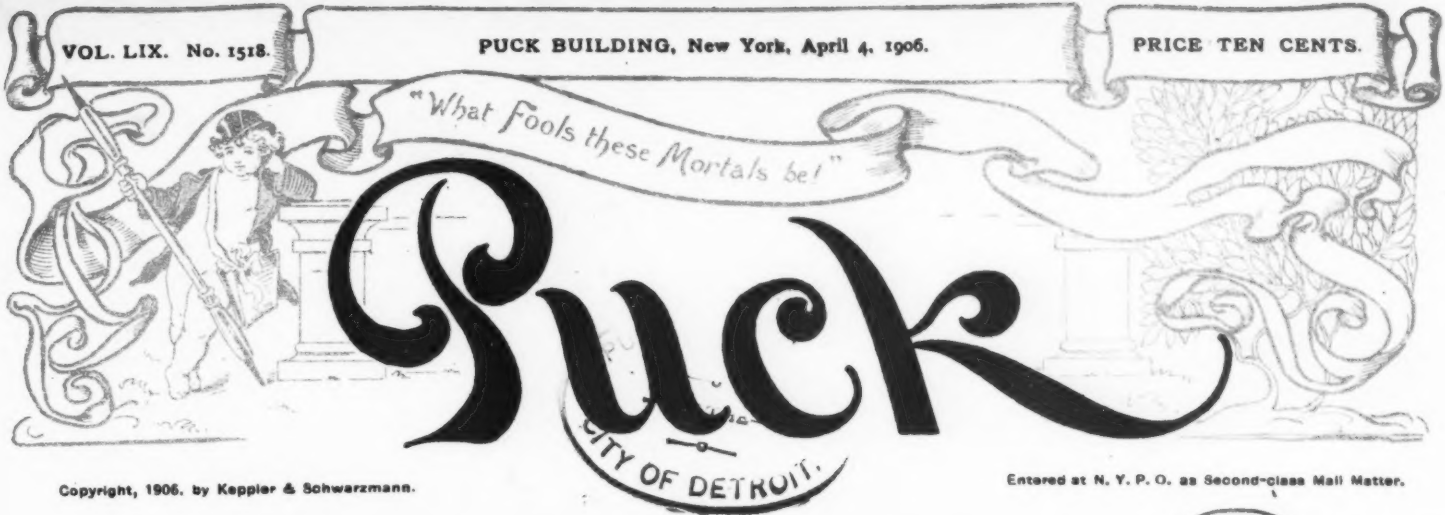


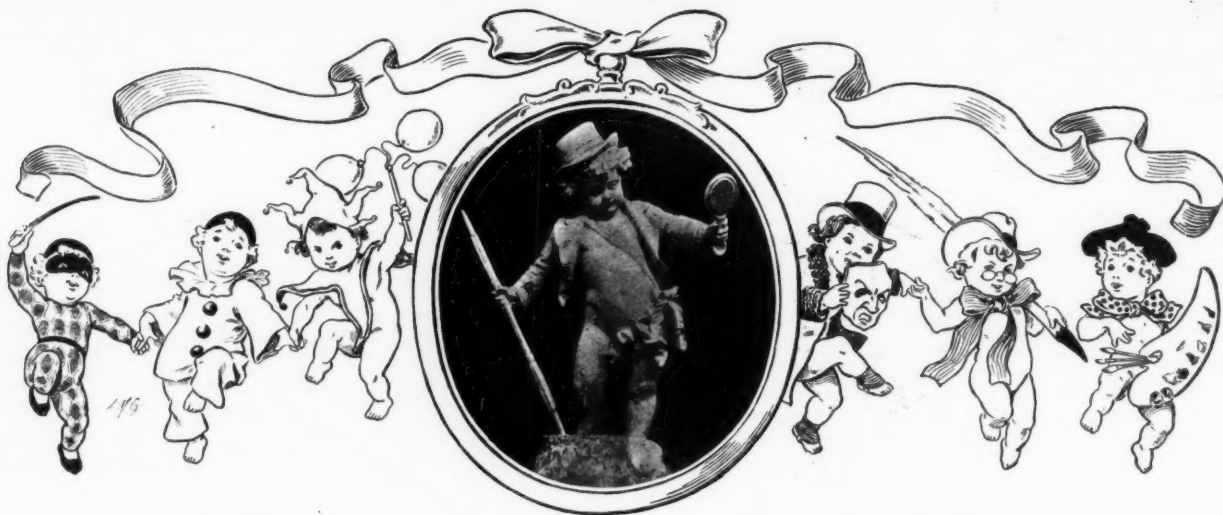
VOL. LIX. No. 1518.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, April 4, 1906.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



"UPHOLDING THE HONOR OF THE AMERICAN FLAG."



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Payable in advance.

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

PERCHANCE, IN the defense of the Senate which he is said to be writing, Tillman will thoughtfully omit a reference to his speech on the Mrs. Morris incident.

WE WOULD suggest to one Andrew Hamilton that a timely attraction at Madison Square Garden would be a Yellow Dog Show. Doubtless there are open dates.

SHOULD YOU notice a dazed, please-pass-the-smelling-salts look in the eyes of the Dove of Peace, make up your mind that the President's desire for a \$10,000,000 battleship has had a whole lot to do with it.

WHEN HE contemplates Russia, the American has much to be thankful for. In Russia, the Autocracy sends "thinking voters" to jail. Here, the worst they can do is to call them "dangerous radicals."

IF IT IS n't larceny or just plain stealing, what *is* it when a man takes money that does n't belong to him, secretly hands it over to those who have no right to it, and then with elaborate care falsifies accounts so as to conceal the giving? Is law after all a miserable farce, and the sword of Justice a wooden slap-stick which makes a loud noise but never hurts!

NO PARTY, says Secretary Shaw, can ever revise the tariff in safety. Safety? We should murmur not. After the repeated demonstrations by Secretary Shaw of the twin-like alliance between high prices and prosperity, rash would be the party that attempted such a thing. The picture of Father Shaw, tottering under the burden of lighter living expenses, would stay the hand of the boldest revisionist.

THIS IS a large world, and there is no man in it so important as David Graham Phillips thinks himself.

AT LAST milk has been successfully reduced to powdered form. Now for a highball powder. Just add ice-water and serve.

ASKED BY Hadley of Missouri if one H. H. Rogers was identified with Standard Oil, William G. Rockefeller replied: "Yes, I know that he is connected with the company in some way." At least, there was a rumor to that effect.

GOVERNOR CUMMINS is all worked up over the discovery that certain senators keep closer tab on the welfare of the railroads than they do on that of the public. What does Governor Cummins think the senators are there for, anyway?

LISTENING TO a lecture on the Philippines, Senator Scott, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Insular Affairs, took exception to some remarks by the speaker on the killing of the Philippine tariff bill. Senator Scott may take all the exceptions he pleases, but he cannot make a dirty deal less dirty, or explain jauntily away his

committee's brazen disregard of "mere elementary decency."

THE CUBAN tobacco crop is not a success, but the usual amount of Cuban cigars will be "smuggled" in from Hartford, Conn., and Perth Amboy, N. J.

WE ALL know of men who are resorting to evil transactions in their business life.—J. D. R., Jr.

Can the gentleman have been reading the works of Miss Tarbell?



THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

L. M. G. HICKEN'S



TRAINING FOR THE SUBWAY SMELL.

SUMMER IS COMING, SO FATHER KNICKERBOCKER PREPARES FOR IT.

THE LATEST WRINKLE IN CRIMINAL PROCEDURE.

A Brief Record of the Proceedings in the Case of John Robinson.

APRIL, 1906.—The case of John Robinson, out on bail, indicted two years ago on a charge of having received stolen goods,



PEANUTS COMMON.

MRS. TOPSOIL.—Why, Ezry, they 're more 'n half bad!

MR. TOPSOIL.—Dummed if they ain't, Marthy! Mightier known I'd get stuck, b'heck, buyin' anythin' in Wall Street.

the property of the United States, was called for trial to-day in the United States Circuit Court. The defense presented a petition alleging that the Grand Jury which indicted Mr. Robinson was improperly composed, that one of its members was a man who had obtained confidential information from him under a promise not to disclose it, and that he had divulged the same, thereby influencing the Grand Jury in its action. The District Attorney denying these charges the Court ordered a preliminary trial of the issues of fact arising until the determination of which the main trial was postponed.

OCTOBER, 1908.—Trial of the preliminary issues of fact commenced.

DECEMBER, 1910.—Jury finds in favor of the Government on preliminary questions. Defendant appeals.

APRIL, 1915.—Court of Appeals confirms verdict. Defendant appeals to the United States Supreme Court at Washington.

MAY, 1925.—United States Supreme Court reverses Court of Appeals and orders new trial of preliminary questions because of a witness having been asked under objection if his mother knew he was out.

OCTOBER, 1928.—Preliminary issues again brought to trial.

DECEMBER, 1929.—Same verdict as before. Same appeal as before.

MAY, 1931.—Court of Appeals reverses jury. Government appeals to United States Supreme Court.

JANUARY, 1938.—United States Supreme Court reverses Court of Appeals and orders trial of John Robinson to proceed.

MARCH, 1940.—Case of John Robinson called for trial. Discovered that Mr. Robinson died a year ago. Public and Press have forgotten all about Mr. Robinson and his case and are glad it is to be heard of no more. The Government had shown the people that something had been done.

For fuller and more specific details watch the case of the Beef Trust gentlemen in the United States Court at Chicago.

NOTE.—If Mr. Robinson had lived to be tried and found guilty the appellate process would have given him twenty years more in which to die before it was time to go to jail—provided he was rich enough to pay clever lawyers.

H. W. Francis.

Will the man of the future marry? Or, if you want something easier, will the girl of the future roll her own cigarettes?

THE TESTIMONIAL TAX.

"SEEMS TO ME," said the reformer, "that we might raise a big revenue by putting a special tax on patent medicines."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, the patent medicine men, of course, receive hundreds of testimonials. People who have suffered from all sorts of complaints, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, appendicitis, lung trouble, — well, I can't remember the whole list, but perhaps you have read the labels — write to them constantly. People who have been at death's door come back to praise the one invaluable specific."

"Very well. Then why not require that a twenty-five or fifty cent stamp be affixed to every patent medicine testimonial?"

THE SUBWAY MERGER.

Surely a man who has been cured of rheumatism, neuralgia, appendicitis, or — anything else on the label, should have patriotism and public spirit enough to tell his fellow mortals all about it and contribute a quarter or half a dollar to the public treasury at the same time. The man who has been at death's door should pay at least a dollar. If he grumbles he ought to be sent back again."

MYSTERY.

"WHY do they call the backer of a theatrical venture an 'angel'?"

"I cannot imagine. It is his money that takes wings."



CROSS BETWEEN A POINTER AND A SETTER.

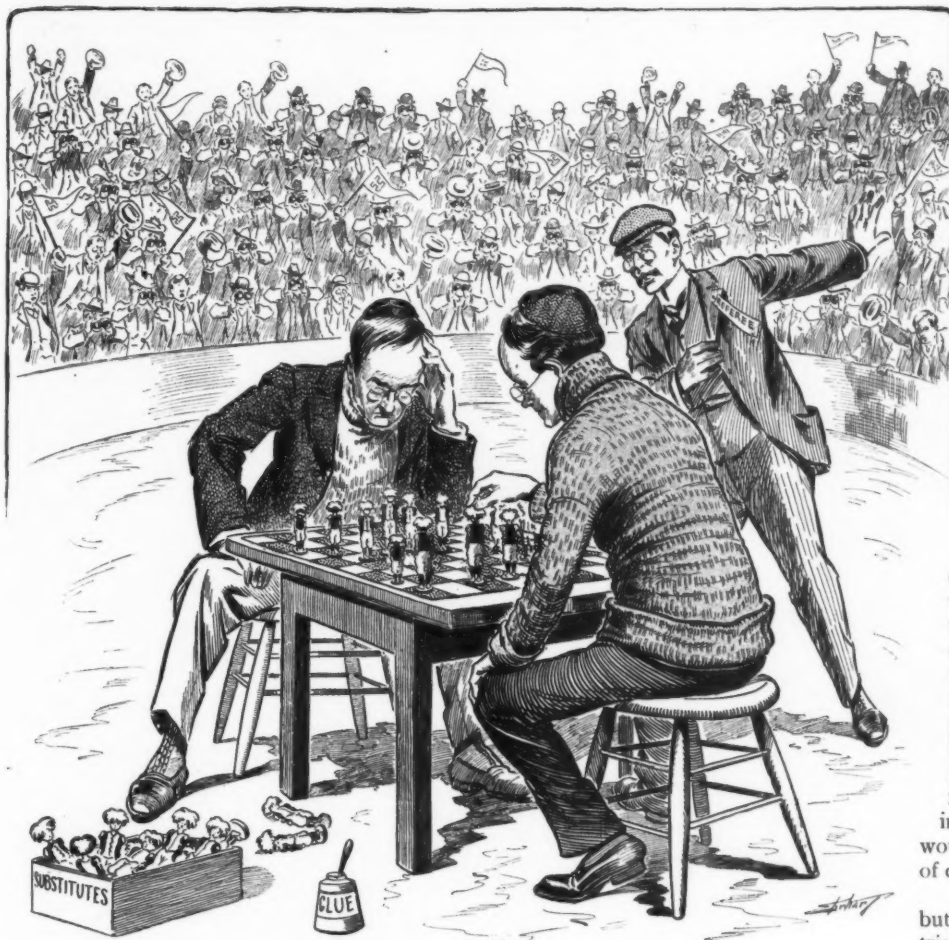
APPROPRIATE.

A GRASS WIDOW should n't wear mourning —
Her husband's forgotten, not gone.
The appropriate thing for grass widows this spring,
Is a cute little frock of green lawn.

CAN a man be always spruce without looking more or less wooden?



AN APRIL FOOL.



FUTURE FOOT BALL.

THE YALE ONE.—It 's your move, dear boy.
THE HARVARD ONE.—I know it, dear old chap; but I cawn't make up me mind whether to buck the line or go round the end.

DR. CUPID'S FEE.



HAD a little tickling in my throat,
I took a little troche and it went;
I did n't call a doctor, as you note,
And all the tickling cost me was a cent.
How fortunate I caught no dread disease
To rob me of my wealth and health and ease.

I had a little tickling in my heart,
I took a little troche, but, alack!
The doctor diagnosed and found a dart
Embedded in my torpid cardiac.
The case is quite incurable, anent,
But all the tickling cost me was assent.

Charles E. Nettleton.

REVISED DIGESTION RULES.

"I HAPPENED upon some health rules last evening," remarked the Thoughtful Theorist thoughtfully. "In these days of the simple life there is a complexity of rules that is amazing: every Sunday paper gives many departments to them. But these health rules seemed to me incomplete. Very likely, in the rush and confusion of giving advice on how to keep your husband's temper or what to do with freckles, the writer became careless.

"The particular rule that challenged my attention relates to indigestion, and the assertion is made that any one who takes the trouble to count thirty, after introducing food into the primary receptacle designed for that purpose and before letting it slip down to get tangled up with the digestive apparatus, need never fear that leaden hobgoblins will sit on his chest at night or that there will be a disagreement between his stomach and what he gives it.

"No doubt this is true, but it is most unsatisfying and necessitates a sad waste of time. If thirty will settle a Welsh rarebit comfortably and unprotestingly, how foolish to give the same amount of attention to a predigested breakfast food! Or, avoiding such extremes, if thirty will give you the upper hand of a piece of tough rump steak, surely it is not necessary to linger so long over a bit of tenderloin. Of course it would have a tendency to interfere with conversation, so every effort should be made to shorten the operation. Think of the predicament of a man who is asked a question just as he gets fairly started on the count. If he answers, he is gambling with his digestion; if he does n't, he is rude.

"'Ten eleven,' he mumbles, while his neighbor looks at him in astonishment. And so it goes on until—'twenty-nine, thirty.' Gulp. 'What is it, Miss Spooney?'

"While digestion is more important than conversation, it is just as well not to cut off the conversation more than is really necessary. So why not prepare a digestive time-card? Let us take an ordinary piece of sirloin and grade up and down from that. There will be some things that we can safely tackle on a count of five, and others that will run clear over the limit. The traveling public especially needs a set of rules, but it should be properly systemized, and then published in vest pocket size so that it will be convenient for ready reference. The picture of a man at a railway eating-house, with such a schedule in front of him would be particularly inspiring, and should give some of our pessimists hope for the future of the people.

"Unquestionably, the counting idea is good, but it must be worked out with care. It might be tried at one of our colleges first." Elliott Flower.

USE OUR ANTI-FAT

BEFORE

AFTER



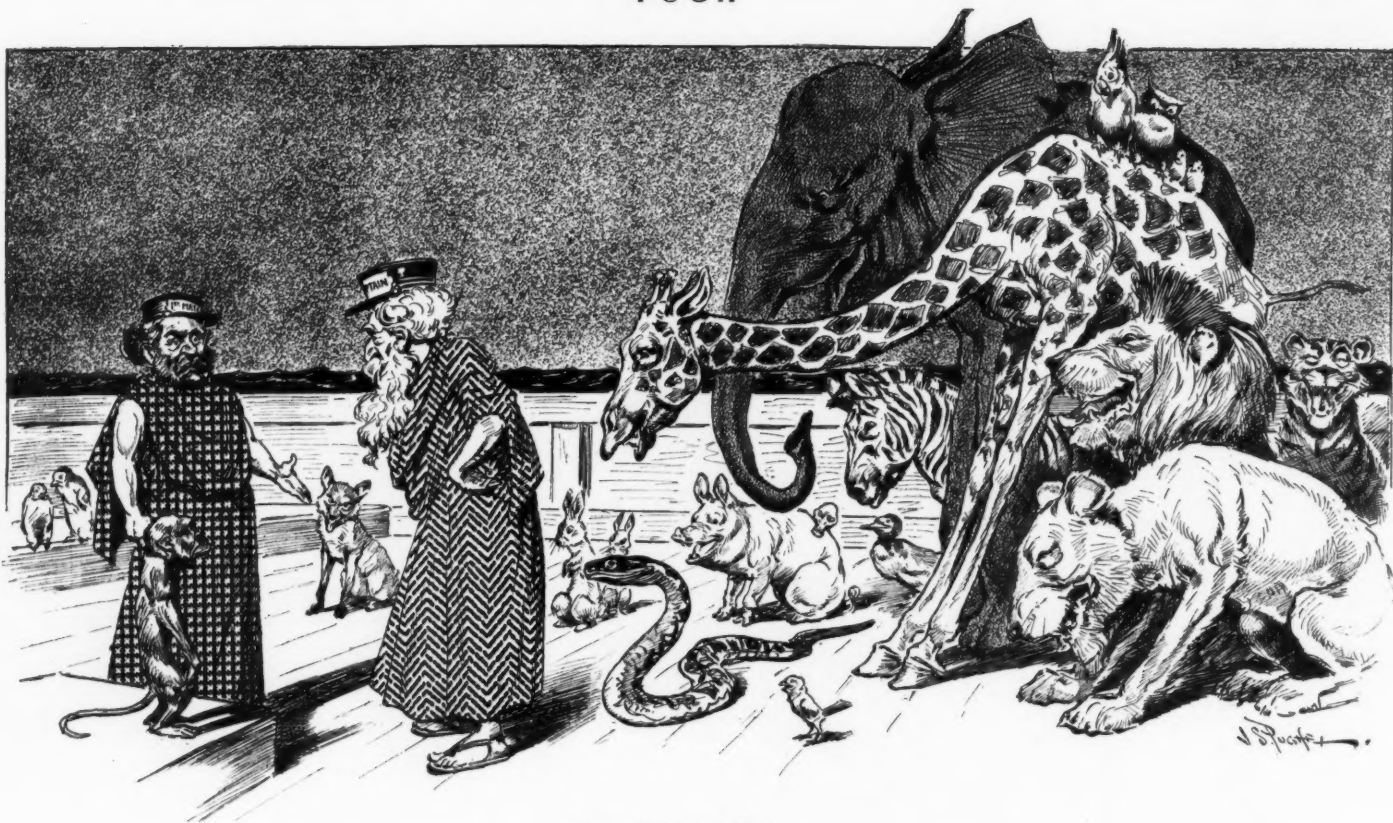
AFTER

BEFORE

USE OUR ANTI-LEAN

ECONOMY IN ADVERTISING.

Some people lose sight of the fact that of two evils it is n't always necessary to choose either.



THE STOWAWAY.

FIRST OFFICER SHEM (on the third day out).—He was hiding in the Peanut Bin, Pop.

LAYING.

FOR no other reason than that his poultry book told him to feed lime, he slavishly fed lime, and asked himself no questions.

The hens were variously affected.

The Leghorns found difficulty in keeping their hot Italian blood from open revolt. The Cochins, with true Oriental apathy, said it was fate anyway. But the old Plymouth Rock had the American sense of humor.

"He thinks we're going to lay bricks," she cackled, and exploded into peals of laughter.

AN OLD STORY.

MRS. SUBBUB.—What's new, dear?

MRS. SUBBUB (*dejectedly*).—The cook's gone!

MR. SUBBUB.—My dear, I asked what's new?

WAYS AND MEANS.

"HE introduced the bill in the Legislature, you know."

"The bill. What bill?"

"Why, the bill. Before his time the grafters were mostly reckless fellows and used checks."

THE only way a man may atone for being brilliant is by being unsuccessful.



DEDUCTION.

THE OLD MAN.—I don't claim to be a Sherlock Holmes, but considering that they were both out just now, and that it was raining when they came in, it looks suspicious with only two wet foot-prints in front of this sofa.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

(New York Version.)

THROUGH flats and apartments
Though we may roam,
Be they ever so charming,
They're too dear for home.

Messrs. Speculator & Co.

PRESENT

RICHARD MANSFIELD, MAUDE ADAMS,
BLANCHE BATES, DE WOLF HOPPER,
LOUIS MANN, and a galaxy of other
famous stars, :: :: :: ::

IN THE ROARING FARCE

"Standing Room Only"

Choice seats may be had in front
of all the leading theatres, at the
usual advanced prices. :: ::

BEWARE OF BOX OFFICE
TICKET SELLERS

Frenzied finance is where a man makes a \$1,000-a-year income keep a \$2,500-a-year family.

The Way of the World.

SOLDIER, REST!

The specifications for fitting up the Seventy-first New York regiment's armory included 31 davenport, couches and divans upholstered in leather, 354 arm-chairs of special design and 4,613 other chairs.

SOLDIER, REST!—in mission chair
Or on couch of Spanish leather.
Dream not of the trumpet's blare
Sounding in all sorts of weather.
In this sybaritic hall
Not with ball and powder dally,
But with pool or bowling ball
Hit the pocket or the alley.
Soldier, rest! No war alarms.
Put away your bristling arms.
In the drill-room cases shove 'em.
Take a chair—we've plenty of 'em.



No rude sound shall reach our ear,
Nary noisy foe besiege us.
Soldier, rest!—the trappings here
Beat the Waldorf or St. Regis.
Couches, couches everywhere
For your slumberland transportment.
Or, if you prefer a chair,
We've a large and fine assortment.
Soldier, rest! The bugle's dumb.
Soldier, rest! Unstrung the drum.
Soldier, rest! No storm is brewing.
Soldier, rest! There's nothing doing.

So it was "all a joke," that plot to assassinate Dr. Parkhurst. But the good doctor takes himself quite seriously, and really believes himself as important as Father Gregory, who wrestled with and overthrew the devil on the summit of Drachenfels.

The senior Rockefeller has been reported ill from "worry." Other men have worried—men whose business Mr. Rockefeller has destroyed, and who were left without the price of a sojourn at Lakewood.

In looking through the April *Cosmopolitan* do not fail to read "Who Is Our Worst Actor?" by our worst critic. Such a combination might not appear again in current literature in a thousand years.—*Chicago Post.*

The "worst critic" is Alan Dale. The worst actor is not so easily guessed. There are more of them.

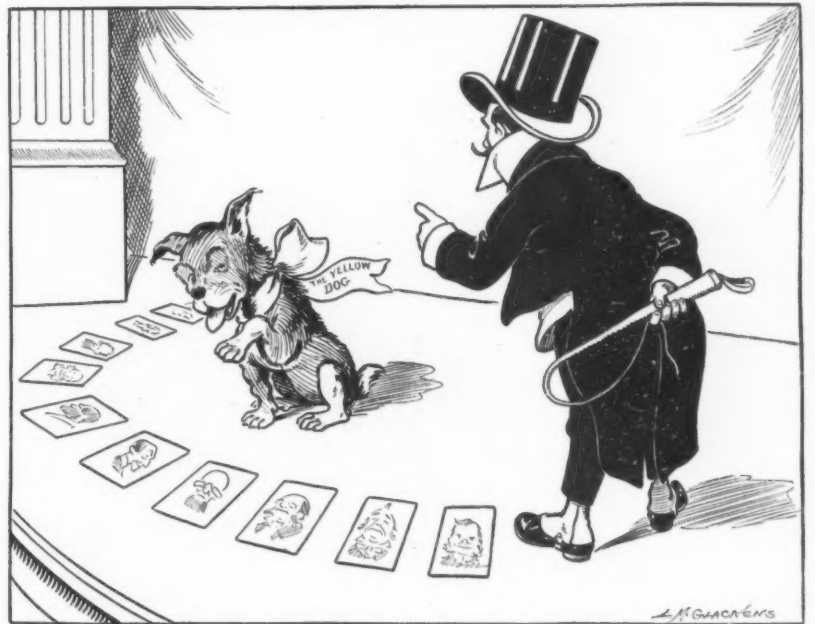
Governor Higgins gave Judge Hamilton the lie the other day, and the Judge promptly passed it along to the next man. The lie travels so fast that nobody can keep track of it.

"Yes," remarked the captain of industry, proudly exhibiting a greenback framed above his desk, "that was the last dollar I made—honestly."



"NO CHILDREN ALLOWED."

MR. FLATTER (*just moved in*).—Come on out, youngsters! We got you by the Janitor *that* time, did n't we!



THE INTELLIGENT PUP.

TRAINER HAMILTON.—Now then, Yaller, pick out the nice kind gentlemen who used to feed you.

Herr Conried's new lease continues him as director for five years. Our guess is that he will kill the business in less time than that.

Now is the time to study that helpful little nature book, "How to Smell the Wildflowers."

"Taking the Subway as a whole," begins an expert. Or as a hole.

B. L. T.

PARIS PELLETS.

NEVER a lovelier day than Wednesday and our avenues filled with busy sightseers.

Dick McCurdy, the well known insurance agent, is Parising at this writing.

Louis Thebaud is in our busy midst.

Jimmy Hyde, the popular mæcenas and litterateur, is wearing a new silk hat these days. Who is she, Jim?

Andy Hamilton, one of Paris's most familiar figures, has left here for America. Columbia's gain is France's loss.

A souvenir postal card came in this A. M. from Chauncey Depew, who allows he will be here ere long. Chauncey is ever welcome in our pleasant berg.

Drink Absinthine. It looks like absinthe and costs less.

Visit the Louvre Penny Arcade.

The genuinely unlucky man is the man whose auto is always out of order and his neighbor's talking machine never.



THE SOCIALIST TOWER OF BABEL.
CONFUSION OF IDEAS AMONG THE YOUNG AMERICAN BUILDERS.

PUCK



PUCK

THE AFFABLE AGENT WHO GOT THE HABIT.



WITH her late husband's policy in her hand and a gleam of determination in her eye, the widow opened the door of the Life Insurance Agency.

"Good morning, Madam," said the agent affably, "what can I do for you? Insure your life? It is a step which you will never regret and our company, as you know, is——"

"I do not care to insure," coldly replied the widow; "not at least till you have settled my poor husband's claim. He was insured

in your concern for three thousand dollars and as yet I have n't received a penny of it."

"Dear me!" mused the agent. "How very unfortunate! How deplorably unfortunate! The fact is, as I supposed you knew, Mrs. — er — Pipkin? Thanks. The fact is, as I supposed you knew, Mrs. Pipkin, we prefer not to settle in actual cash such a claim as you present, but rather to make good the loss in a much simpler and better manner. In other words, as you have lost a husband, absolutely without cost we will provide you with another——"

The widow gasped.

"Yes," the agent went on, "I *thought* you would be pleased at such liberal treatment. Besides, in justice to ourselves and to you, we could settle on no other basis. Assuming that we paid you the money, the face value of the policy which is \$3,000, what assurance would we have that you would spend it all for a duplicate of Mr. Pipkin? It may be—pardon me!—that \$3,000 is too great a valuation to place upon Mr. Pipkin anyway—a sentimental value, as it were. We have had such cases. In which event, having the money, you would easily be able to replace him for, say, \$1,500, and we, the company, would be stung—excuse the expression—to the tune of a like amount; in other words, the difference between \$1,500 and \$3,000. How much simpler, how much more satisfactory, merely to come to this office and leisurely select a second husband from our always generous assortment!"

The widow's condition was rapidly nearing the comatose.

"John!" shouted the agent to his office-boy, "request the gentlemen in the Husbandry to line up. And raise the north shades so the light will be good. Mrs. Pipkin, if you will step this way."

Mechanically, the widow followed him and they entered an adjoining room.

"Now," resumed the affable agent, pointing to a row of male persons, "look these gentlemen carefully over and pick one out like the one you lost. As you see, we have an excellent variety—light, dark, tall, short, young, old—all kinds and temperaments."

"B-but," stammered the widow, speaking as one who has been wholly hypnotized, "there is none here like James. They are very nice gentlemen no doubt, but——"

"What!" cried the agent, astonished, "none here like James, like Mr. Pipkin! You are going to be unreasonable, I am afraid. You must n't expect us, you know, to supply you with a brand-new \$3,000 style of husband, even though that is the sum for which your policy calls. If your husband had been new when



OLD FAITHFUL.

MRS. NEWLYWED.—Goodness! Why *is* it the machine always breaks down in a lonely, out-of-the-way place!

MR. NEWLYWED.—I dunno—unless it imagines we're still engaged.

you lost him, we would of course replace him with a new one, but he was *not* new. He was not even new when we insured him, and I see by referring to the policy that you had been married eighteen years. Is it fair then to demand of the company a \$3,000 husband, in perfect condition, for one who through wear and tear had deteriorated in value and quality at least one-half? These husbands, Madam, any one of whom you are at liberty to choose, are of our popular \$1,500 grade. Hundreds are in use and all are giving satisfaction." Silently, the widow fainted.

Be gentle with the agent, Gentle Reader, and forgive him. He was new to the life insurance business, newly come to it from the adjuster's department of a Burglary Insurance concern. There he got the habit and it stuck.

A. H. F.

THE SPRING FLUIDS.

SPRING has come around again,
Works her wondrous cunning;
So mint juleps, sap and ink
All have started running.

THE WAY IT'S DONE.

THE "I SELL REAL ESTATE" MAN.—
Any letters this morning?

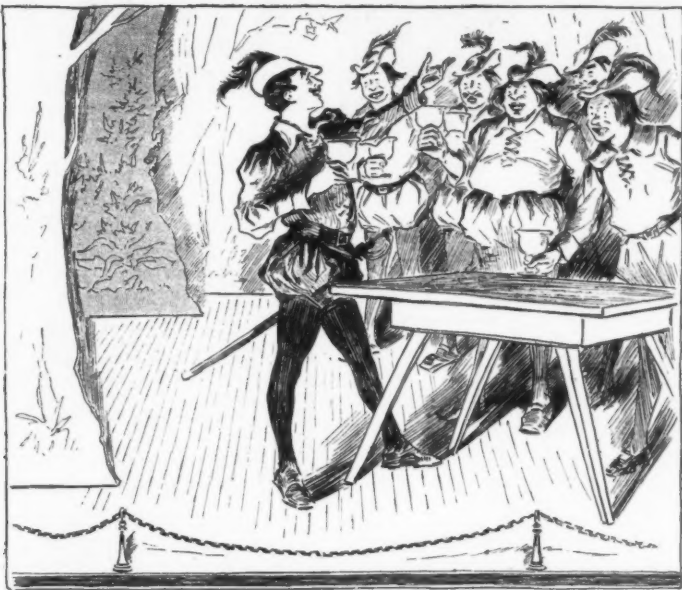
THE CLERK.—Yes; here's one from a Philadelphia man with fifteen unmarried daughters and a store-front.

"Good! Play him off against the house-and-lot fellow in Salt Lake, whose doctor has ordered change of scene and absolute quiet."

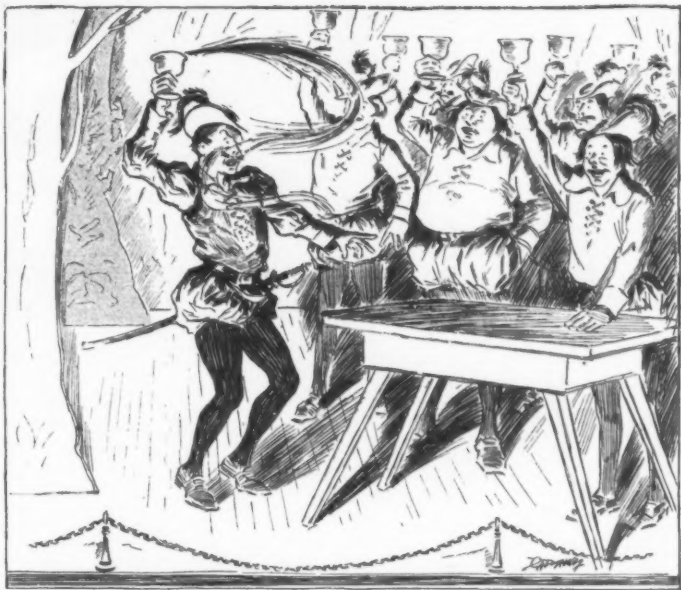


"Look these gentlemen carefully over and pick out one like the one you lost."

HE DID N'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED.



THE BARITONE.—Come, friends, a song!—a song and a toast as we quaff this rare old wine!



THE BARITONE (as he queers the show).—Why did n't you tell me, you thirty-cent supes, there was something in that cup!

FAREWELL TO AN AUTO.

(AFTER Caroline Norton).



MY BEAUTIFUL! My beautiful! that standest broken by,
With thy dislocated steering gear and tonneau all
awry,
Fret not to skid upon the road, a record new to
make,
Ask not t' exceed the limit speed, nor auto-law to break,
Fret not to treat with me the poor pedestrian with
scorn,
Nor sigh to rend the ambient air with thy most awful
horn!
Thy dear chauffeur hath been discharged; thine
owner's had his joke,
High-gear'd and priced, farewell! farewell! thou 'rt
broke, my steed, thou 'rt broke!

Farewell! those tired wheels again full many a mile may roam,
But not with me—to leave me strapped some twenty miles from home.
Some other hand more skilled than mine must thy dear self repair,
Some person with a larger purse must have thee for a care.
Away with oily speeches and with airy persiflage.
Farewell! So long! My 'mobile steed, thou art in the garage!
What time I bought thee I was young, thou mad'st me gray and old.
When I can find a purchaser, thou 'rt sold, my steed, THOU 'RT SOLD!

Franklin P. Adams.

A PESSIMISTIC COMMENT.

"THE editor of the *Allegash Weekly Agitator* has penned a most feeling obituary of his late brother-in-law, the Hon. Dodd Gast, member of the legislature," remarked Professor Twiggs, in the midst of his perusal of a newspaper emanating from a neighboring hamlet. "He says, 'Death has loosed from its earthly moorings another of life's frail barques and launched it on the ebon tide of the silent river, and drawn again the sable curtain through which the tearful eyes of the loving friends assembled on the brink cannot penetrate; but we rejoice that posterity shall truly know him when the marble shaft that shall vainly attempt to commemorate his worth shall have crumbled to the ashes of ages.'"

"Eh-yah!" grumpily acquiesced the Old Codger. "He talks as feelingly as if he had lost a good bird-dog; but I am free to say that if such was the case his deprivation would be a great deal more lamentable than it is under the existing circumstances."

THE FIRST INSTANCE.

"THIS, my children," said Noah, as the Ark cleared Sandy Hook, "is one of those rare cases in Society when the best people are not in the swim."

ENDURANCE.

"WHAT, my friends," volcanically demanded the Hon. Thomas Rott, "does the Old Party stand for?"

"Well, *you*, for one thing!" replied a pessimistic voice from the back of the hall.

ANNOYING.

MR. GARDNER.—Well, dear, how are the tomatoes you planted?
MRS. GARDNER.—Oh, John! I'm afraid we'll have to buy what we need, this year.

MR. GARDNER.—Why, how's that, Mary?

MRS. GARDNER.—I recollected to-day that when I did the planting I forgot to open the cans!



GETTING HIS MEALS OUTSIDE.

Many a man will swear to a thing he would n't bet on.



HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

FINEST
PRODUCT OF THE STILL
THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S
WHISKEY



Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

"A STRAIGHT LINE IS THE SHORTEST
DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO POINTS"



863 BROADWAY, 508 FIFTH AVE.
NEW YORK.
22 OTHER RETAIL STORES.

CANDIES SENT EVERYWHERE
BY MAIL OR EXPRESS.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief
For
CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING
and all skin troubles. "A little
higher in price perhaps than
imitations, but a reason for it."
Delightful after shaving and after bath-
ing. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of
50c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample free

Gerhard Mennen Company, - Newark, N. J.

FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM
Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.
DRUGGISTS, or 93 Henry St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WILSON
That's All!



IN DOUBT.

YEAST.—An English physician recently asserted that fishes are the only living things that do not have a taste for alcohol.

CRIMSONBEAK.—But men lie so about fish that we can't tell whether he's telling the truth or not.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

MINCED.

OFFLEY.—I see the President cabled "How are you?" to a friend who had been wounded in that Moro battle in the Philippines.

BOTTS.—Yes, and the friend cabled back "Fine, thanks!" You see he was a bit cut up over some trouble he had with a bolo man.—*American Spectator*.

PERHAPS after reading the latest Supreme Court decision Mr. Rockefeller may decide to make his absence permanent.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.



DEEP ROOTED.

PAT.—Cassidy seems opposed to strikes!

MIKE.—Why not?—th' last strike Cassidy was on he wint and got married just to kill toime.

An ounce of sherry and a tablespoonful of Abbott's
Angostura Bitters before meals is a wonderful appe-
tizer.

RIGHT UP AGAINST IT.

FIRST HIGH SCHOOL GIRL.—I don't know what I am going to do about my essay.

SECOND HIGH SCHOOL GIRL.—What's the trouble?

FIRST HIGH SCHOOL GIRL.—Oh, the teacher has given me such a mean subject.

SECOND HIGH SCHOOL GIRL.—What is it?

FIRST HIGH SCHOOL GIRL.—Why, she wants me to write on "What Is the Difference between Bridge Whist and Gambling?" and I can't seem to think of anything to say.—*Somerville Journal*.

PLAIN PREACHING.

Live in de light; en even w'en in de darkness, dream dat light 's a-comin'. Drive yo' stakes deep w'en you get ter de hilltop. De worl' will laugh at you ef you roll down.

Don't worry 'bout whar de worl' gwine ter. Count yo'se'f lucky ef you kin see ten steps ahead er you.

You never will reach de lan' er promise onless you rise early enough ter tell de sun good mawnin'.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

BY ANALOGY.

TEACHER.—Now a monologue is a recitation in which one person takes part; a dialogue is one where two persons take part. Now can anyone find further example?

BRIGHT BOY.—Is it a catalogue where a cat takes part? —*American Spectator*.

HAD THE EVIDENCE.

"I never could love a woman with money," said the baldheaded man.

"How do you know you could n't?" inquired his friend.

"Because I married one!" —*Yonkers Statesman*.

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING

The World-Famed Blade
OF FINEST STEEL

It Satisfies Every User.

12 Blades, 24 Keen Edges.

20 to 40 shaves from each blade.



The simplest, easiest, and
most satisfactory shaving
device in the world

Triple silver-plated set with 12 blades..... \$6.00
Quadruple gold-plated set with 12 blades... 10.00
Quadruple gold-plated set with 12 blades
and monogram..... 12.00
Standard combinat'n set with shaving brush
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up to..... 50.00

Standard packages of 10 blades, having 20 sharp
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If not, what he needs is not medi-
cine, but that great natural
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The car that makes youngsters well,
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tired, smooth, easy running. A per-
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If he can't supply you, we
will sell you our "Irish Mail" di-
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Hill-Standard Mfg. Co., 41 Irish Mail Ave., Anderson, Ind.

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THE WORLD
REFUSE ALL
SUBSTITUTES
OFFERED YOU

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The
Velvet Grip
CUSHION
BUTTON
CLASP

Lies Flat to the Leg—
Never Slips, Tears nor
Unfastens

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c.
Mailed on receipt of price.

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PAIR
WARRANTED

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Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, dur-
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In fact, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or
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William Hoffman, 296 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

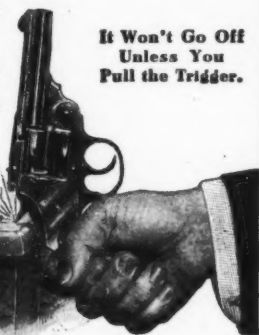
Hammer the Hammer

We figure that every man who makes this test, means an average of three new customers—himself and at least two of his friends.

If you want a revolver that will not go off by accident, then get an

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

Bang it
on a
Table,
Drop it,
Kick it,
Hammer
it—



It Won't Go Off
Unless You
Pull the Trigger.

Like all really great inventions, the Iver Johnson Safety Principle is very simple—the safety lever upon which the principle depends, is entirely inoperative except when the trigger is pulled—then it is raised and receives the revolver hammer's blow and transmits it to the firing pin. Simple, yet safe.

Our Free Booklet, "Shots"

goes into every detail and explains why it is also accurate and reliable—gladly sent on request, together with our handsome catalogue.

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Hammer, \$5. Hammerless, \$6.

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ALMOST.

"Gladys tells me she has received as many as seventeen offers of marriage in a single month."

"Indeed?" "That almost equals the record of some of our lady murderers, does it not?" — *Philadelphia Bulletin*.

PROF. HEILPRIN will have to admit that the bed of the Caribbean is the only thing in that vicinity showing a disposition to settle. — *Detroit News*.

THE fact that a seventh child has just been born to Mr. and Mrs. George Gould shows that the rich are not all addicted to race suicide practices. — *Kansas City Journal*.



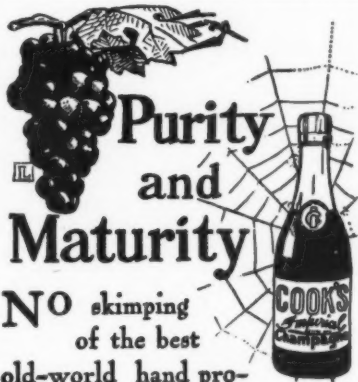
REPENTING AT LEISURE.

LIBELOUS.

HICKS.—Scribbler had a poem in last month's issue of the *Rambler*.

WICKS.—How much did the sales fall off? — *Somerville Journal*.

J. P. MORGAN has just paid more money for a few Burns manuscripts than Bobby ever saw in the whole course of his life. — *Detroit News*.



Purity
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Maturity

NO skimping
of the best
old-world hand pro-
cesses. Only purest juices used.

COOK'S
Imperial
EXTRA DRY
Champagne

The standard wine of America.

LIKE CURES LIKE.

SOFTLEIGH.—I am desperately in love with you and want to marry you.
MISS SHARP.—Well, they do say that "desperate diseases require desperate remedies." — *American Spectator*.

THE British Parliament is going to consider during the present session whether or not the services of its members are worth anything to the empire. No doubt some of them are, while it would be a good stroke of policy to pay others to stay away. — *Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS



More Than 1/2 the Shave

depends upon the lather, and the lather depends upon getting Williams' Shaving Soap. Most used because it has never been equaled in ability to soften the beard, keep a rich, moist, creamy lather, allay irritation, and make shaving easy and safe.

It's dangerous economy to experiment on your face with other makes.

Williams' Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Toilet Waters, Talcum Powder and Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, sold everywhere.

Write for "The Shaver's Guide and Correct Dress for all occasions." It's FREE.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
Glastonbury, Conn.

A SURE WAY.

"What was it Franklin said? 'If you'd have a thing well done—'"

"Tell your cook you like it rare," interrupted Subbubs. — *Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

PAUL MORTON's solicitude may also be due to fear that adoption of the Armstrong recommendations would impair his prospects. — *Detroit Free Press*.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

WHERE ARE THEY?

"I really wonder," said the Observer of Events and Things, "what has become of all the ashes that would have been put on the slippery sidewalks this Winter if there had been any?" — *Yonkers Statesman*.

A SOUTH AMERICAN President has died in his bed. Who now can doubt the stability of the southern republics? — *Pittsburg Dispatch*.

BUNNER'S SHORT STORIES

SHORT SIXES
THE RUNAWAY BROWNS
MADE IN FRANCE
MORE SHORT SIXES
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AROMATIC DELICACY—
MILDNESS—PURITY

IF IN HASTE TAKE THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.



THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH

THE above reproduction of an oil painting by Massani, now the property of Mr. Edison, depicts the delighted amazement of an old couple upon hearing a Phonograph for the first time. No less surprised and delighted are those who now hear the improved Edison Phonograph for the first time in a number of years. They are amazed to find it so different from what they thought, their previous opinions having been based on the old style machines or the imitations owned by their neighbors.

The Edison Phonograph is to-day the world's greatest and most versatile entertainer, and Mr. Edison is ever striving to make it better. It talks, laughs, sings—it makes home happy. It renders all varieties of vocal or instrumental music with marvellous fidelity. It offers something to suit every taste—every mood—every age—every day in the year.

No other good musical instrument can be so easily operated at so little expense. It will cost you nothing to hear it at the dealer's.

NOTE—A splendid reproduction of the above painting by Massani, in fourteen colors, without advertising, 17 x 25 inches in size, mailed on receipt at Orange, N.J., office of thirty cents in stamps or money order. Worth a place in any home.

Write for free booklet, "Home Entertainments with the Edison Phonograph," and name of the nearest dealer.

National Phonograph Co., 43 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.
31 Union Square, New York 304 Wabash Ave., Chicago



CLASSIFIED.

"The automobilists seem to consider that there are only two classes of people in the world besides themselves."

"What are the classes?"

"Those who can get out of the way in time and those who can't."

"Ah, I see! 'The Quick or the Dead.'"

—American Spectator.



ART CURIOS.

SENSITIVE FEMININITY.

"Why did n't she marry if she could?"

"Well, you see she was teaching school in a town that discharges teachers if they marry."

"And how long did she teach?"

"She only taught a year or two. Then she resigned for fear they would think she did n't have any chance to marry.—Detroit Free Press.

ECONOMIZING.

"I bought a dozen fancy vests to-day, wife."

"A dozen! What for?"

"Economy."

"Well, buying a dozen vests at a time does n't look like economy."

"Oh, yes, it does. You see, I'm getting so stout that it will take more material to make a vest for me, so I got 'em before I got any stouter!"—Yonkers Statesman.

IN UTAH.

JINGLEY.—How old did you say your wife is?

BINGLEY.—Forty.

JINGLEY.—How would you like to change her for a couple of twenties?—Lippincott's Magazine.

USELESS.

"Why don't you write something original?"

"What's the use?" asked the author. "If I do it will merely cause my friends to ask me why I don't write something interesting."—Washington Star.

WHEN people first see a touring car, they wonder why it has such heavy cushions. The first time they ride in one they find out.—Somerville Journal.



A FEW OF THE GOOD THINGS —IN— THE EASTER PUCK

❖ Out Next Week ❖

Double-Page Cartoon, "The Flat Boomers" By ALBERT LEVERING

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Drink a glass of Sparkling Hiawatha first thing in the morning. It will give you vim—life—zest for the day. The habit of drinking Sparkling Hiawatha is the best habit you can form. Bottled at the Spring in hygienic purity. Hiawatha Spring Company

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"STEP LIVELY, PLEASE!"

As up and down this world I fare,
And try to get to anywhere,
This startling cry assaults the air:
"Step lively, please!"

If on the trolley-car I seek
My way to find by question meek,
With strident voice conductors shriek:
"Step lively, please!"

If from the ferryboat I go
To pick my way through mud or snow,
Loud the policeman shouts his "Ho!"
Step lively, please!"

Then into upper air I fly,
To take the "L" and with it try
To flee from that pursuing cry:
"Step lively, please!"

At last I turn my weary feet
Down subway stairs beneath the street—
To hear, alas! the guard repeat:
"Step lively, please!"

I wonder will it be my fate
To hear St. Peter at the gate
Say: "Come, you are a little late."
Step lively, please!" — *Century.*

LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

CHURCH.—We're building a new church in the fashionable part of the city.

FLATBUSH.—Going to have all the latest improvements, I suppose?

CHURCH.—Oh, yes; we're going to have a garage and repair shop in the basement.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"



*"To contentment!
May we never murmur without
a cause, and never have cause to
murmur."*

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

SOLE PROPRIETORS
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.
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AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS

ESTABLISHED
1793

GETTING HER HOOKS OUT.

"What an expensive hat you are getting," said Adele. "Don't you think that's extravagant?"

"No," replied her friend. "I'm thinking of getting a divorce, and if the jury don't like this, then they are not men of proper judgment to decide my case."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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After-Dinner Cordial**



LIQUEUR EAGLETTE

An especially fine American product, acknowledged by connoisseurs to be unequalled here or abroad. As a delicious aid to digestion, and a cordial of delightful flavor, it is without a rival. A fitting finale to any feast.

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ENTERPRISE.

THE AMATEUR CHAUFFEUR (*on the day after*).—I don't consider these hill-climbing autos so very remarkable. Mine climbed a tree.

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in a glass of sweetened water after meals is the greatest aid to digestion known.

AN UNSCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION.

"Why does a human being laugh?" inquired the naturalist.

"Usually," answered the man with the weary air, to avoid offending a friend."—*Washington Star.*

IN OKLAHOMA.

GRAY WOLF.—Jackey Timberwolf is absolutely insufferable these days.

JACKAL.—What is the trouble?

GRAY WOLF.—Why, his father was shot by the President, and he never stops bragging about it.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

NOW 25 cts. per Package of 10
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(Nestor Gianacis, Cairo and Boston.)
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BOSTON, MASS.

ADVICE.

Show a little kindness
As you travel on through life;
If you're in a street car
Give your seat up to your wife.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE BEST METHOD.

"Well, to make a long story short," continued the tiresome man.
"I'll help you," interrupted the weary one desperately. "So long."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE Russian idea of settling any public question seems to be to start a street fight.—*Washington Star.*

No other beverage possesses
so many pleasant and valuable
qualities as does

EVANS' ALE

It gratifies the taste, refreshes
the body, and builds bone
and sinew. An ideal tonic.

All Dealers and Places.

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shall
I
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\$100 LIFE SCHOLARSHIP \$25

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MR. WU TING-FANG admits that China needs reforming. Several nations are standing around, ready to undertake the job.—*Washington Post.*

THE art confidence men of Europe are giving J. Pierpont Morgan the glad hand. He is the greatest art "come-on" in the world.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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and dinners are satisfactory only
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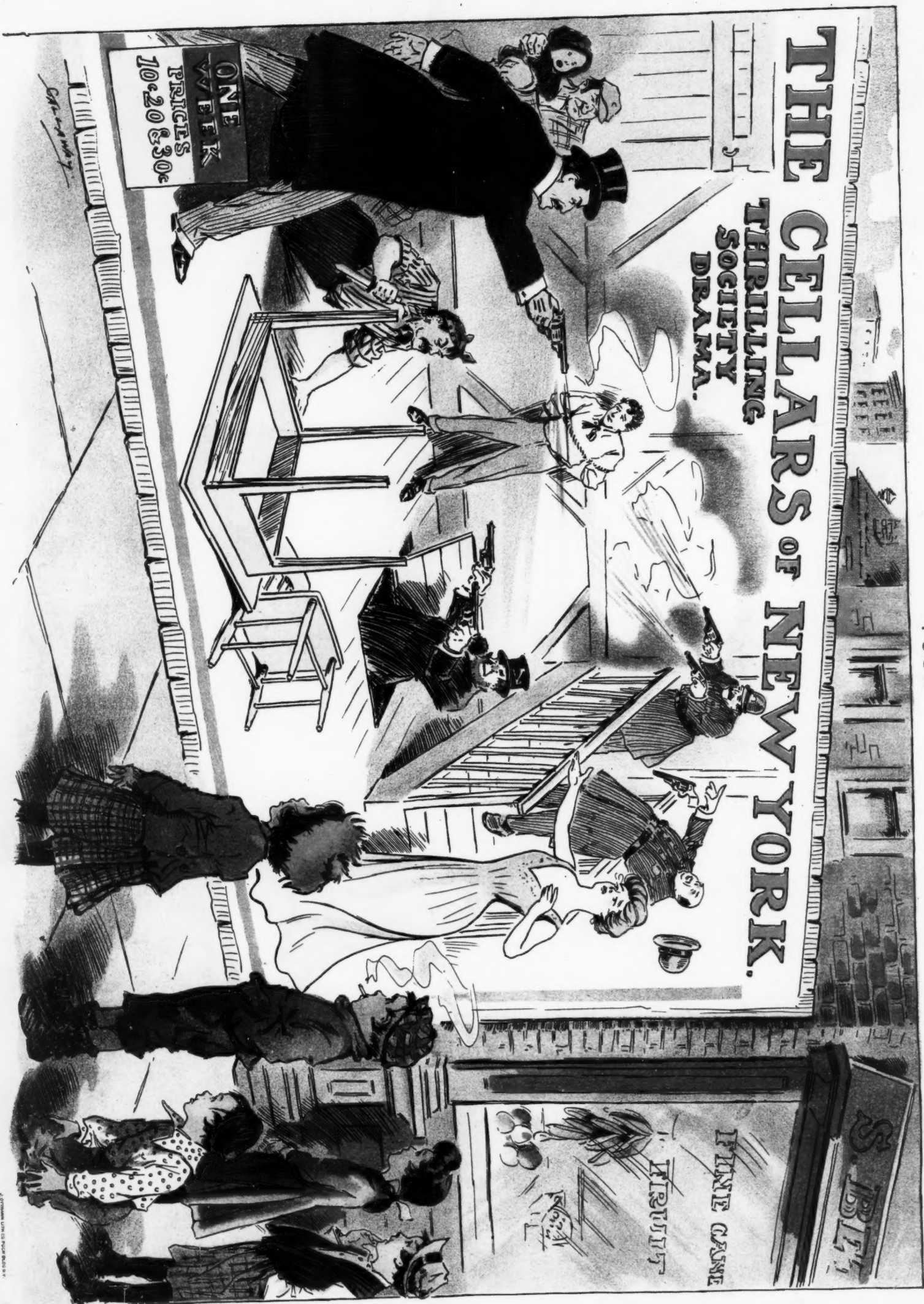
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Is the banquet wine *par excellence*. It is the favorite in the homes where the choicest of everything is demanded.

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